

TREASURER'S NOTICE!

Office Will Be Open From Monday, Oct. 15th, Until Monday, December 31st, Without Penalty.

The Rate of State, County, School and Special Tax, Including One Dollar Poll Tax, One Dollar Commutation Tax.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH AN ACT to raise supplies for the fiscal year commencing January 1, 1917, notice is hereby given that the office of the County Treasurer for Abbeville County will be open for the collection of taxes for said fiscal year from Monday, October 15th, until Monday, December 31st, without penalty.

A penalty of one per cent. on all taxes not paid on January 1st, 1918. A penalty of two per cent. on all taxes not paid on February 1st, 1918. A penalty of seven per cent. on all taxes not paid on March 1st, 1918.

Rates per cent. of taxation are as follows: State Tax 8 1-2 mills. County Tax 5 1-2 mills. Past Indebtedness 1. Constitutional S. Tax .33. Split Log Drag 1-2. Total 18 1-2.

In addition to the above, a special tax will be collected for school purposes as follows:

Table listing various taxes: Abbeville Shop bonds 1 1/2 mills, Abbeville Special School 10, Corner 2, Lowndesville 8, Rocky River 2, Calhoun Falls 6, Bethia 4, Sharon 4, Bethel 3, Warrenton 2, Reeds 2, Lone Forrest 4, Antreville 8, Sunny Slope 4, Long Cane 2, Smithville 2, Central 2, Hagan 4, Parks Creek 3, Keowee 3, Due West 6, Donalds 8, Vermillion 4, Pineville 2, Fonville 3, Eureka 3, Broadmouth 2, Rock Springs 2, Ray 4, Winona 4, Cana 3, Omega 4, Lebanon 4.

A poll tax of One Dollar per capita on all male citizens between the age of 21 and 60 years, except such as are exempt by law, will be collected.

A commutation road tax of One Dollar will be collected the same time as other taxes from all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 50 years, except such as are exempted by law. Unless said tax is paid by the first of March, 1918, eight days' work upon the public highways will be required under an overseer, if so much be necessary.

Taxes are payable only in gold and silver coin, United States currency National Bank Notes and Coupons of State Bonds which become payable during the year of 1917. A tax of 50 cents will be collected on each dog.

Parties desiring information by mail in regard to their taxes will please write before December 16th, stating the location of their property and include postage for reply, and those paying taxes by check must include the charge for collection.

JAMES CHALMERS, County Treasurer, Oct. 9, 1917.

MASTER'S SALE.

The State of South Carolina, County of Abbeville, Court of Common Pleas.

Virginia State Insurance Company, a Corporation, Plaintiff, against

Wm. F. Perrin, and Abbeville Insurance and Trust Company, a Corporation, Defendants.

By authority of a Decree of Sale by the Court of Common Pleas for Abbeville County, in said State, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale, at Public Outcry, at Abbeville, C. H., S. C., on Salesday in November, A. D., 1917, within the legal hours of sale, the following described land, to-wit: All that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, within the corporate limits of the City of Abbeville, in the State aforesaid, containing Twenty-nine and One-half (29 1/2) Acres, more or less, and bounded on the North by lot 13-44 of the Cox property, East by lands formerly of J. C. Klugh, South by lands of Alfred Jones, Peter Jenkins and William Ellison, West by lands of Lethia Clinkscales and Thos. Washington.

Also-All that lot or parcel of land in the city of Abbeville containing One and One-half (1 1/2) Acres, more or less, being the residence lot

of the said Wm. F. Perrin, formerly of R. E. Cox, bounded on East by Main street, South by lot of Mrs. Francis Henry, West by other lands formerly of R. E. Cox and North by lot formerly of Mrs. A. E. Cox, next below described.

Also all that other lot of land, lying and being in the city of Abbeville, county and state aforesaid, containing One and One-half (1 1/2) Acres, more or less, now owned by Wm. F. Perrin, formerly the property of Mrs. A. E. Cox, bounded on North by lands of Mr. A. B. Hamlin, East by Main street, South by residence lot last above mentioned, and West by lands of Wm. F. Perrin, and G. N. Nickles.

TERMS OF SALE-CASH. Purchaser to pay for papers. R. E. HILL, 9-12-3.

Master A. C., S. C.

MASTER'S SALE.

The State of South Carolina, County of Abbeville, Court of Common Pleas.

NATIONAL BANK OF ABBEVILLE against CARRIE COWAN and Others.

By authority of a Decree of Sale by the Court of Common Pleas for Abbeville County, in said State, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale, at Public Outcry, at Abbeville C. H., S. C., on Salesday in November, A. D., 1917, within the legal hours of sale the following described land, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, in the State aforesaid, containing Thirty-Five (35) Acres, more or less, and bounded by lands of Ed Scott and Tom Milford, Manda Dawson, Boss Hall, Olivia McKee and others-being the tract of land inherited by Carrie Cowan from her father, Hark Scotland.

TERMS OF SALE-CASH. Purchaser to pay for papers. R. E. HILL, 10-3-4. Master A. C., S. C.

MASTER'S SALE.

The State of South Carolina, County of Abbeville, Court of Common Pleas.

H. H. GOODWIN, JANIE TOLBERT and others, against

W. C. GOODWIN. By authority of a Decree of Sale by the Court of Common Pleas for Abbeville County, in said State, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale, at Public Outcry, at Abbeville C. H., S. C., on Salesday in November, A. D., 1917, within the legal hours of sale the following described land, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, in the State aforesaid, containing Thirty-Two (32) Acres, more or less, and bounded by lands now or formerly owned by R. T. Belcher, R. R. Tolbert, Jr., Young Kennedy, and J. C. Stockman.

TERMS OF SALE-CASH. Purchaser to pay for papers. R. E. HILL, 10-3-4. Master A. C., S. C.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, County of Abbeville.

By virtue of the authority given us in and by a deed executed by J. V. Elgin, on August 22, 1917, conveying to us the premises below described, in trust to sell the same for the payment of debts, and for other purposes, the undersigned, as trustees, will, on Thursday, October 18th, 1917, at ten o'clock A. M., in front of the court house at Abbeville, South Carolina, offer for sale the following described premises, to-wit:

ALL that certain lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the city of Abbeville, County of Abbeville and State of South Carolina, lying on the West side of Main street, known as the Sign Lot, and having a residence thereon, lately occupied by J. V. Elgin, bounded North by lot of Neuffer and McMurray, East by Main street, South by lot of John T. Evans and others, and West by lot of the estate of John A. Harris.

TERMS OF SALE-CASH. The purchaser to pay for papers. G. A. NEUFFER, JOEL S. MORSE, 9-26-4. Trustees.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, County of Abbeville, In Probate Court.

Complaint to Sell Land to Pay Debts. Mrs. S. E. and John N. Latimer, Administrators of the Estate of S. E. Latimer, deceased, Plaintiffs, against

John N. Latimer, Mason E. Latimer, Eva E. Latimer, Kathryn L. Latimer, Jessie M. Latimer and Annie S. Latimer, Defendants.

Pursuant to an order of the probate court, I will sell at public outcry in the city of Abbeville Court House, on salesday in November, 1917, next, for the payment of debts, the follow-

ing described real estate belonging to the estate of Steven E. Latimer, deceased, situate in Donalds Township, in the State and County aforesaid, to wit:

All that tract or parcel of land containing Ninety-Two and 4-5 Acres (92 4-5) more or less, and bounded by lands of Mrs. E. Hudgens, Jessie Campbell, M. S. Latimer, S. J. Burts and W. K. Stringer.

Also, all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, State aforesaid, containing Forty-Eight and 7-10 (42 7-10) Acres, more or less, and bounded by lands of J. W. Ridge, L. H. Ridge, M. S. Latimer, S. J. Burts and others.

TERMS-CASH. Purchaser to pay for all necessary papers. J. F. MILLER, 10-3-3. Judge Probate Court.

MASTER'S SALE.

The State of South Carolina, County of Abbeville, Court of Common Pleas.

ROBERT NASH, JAMES NASH, and others, against

AARON JACKSON (RILLA JACKSON) and others. By authority of a Decree of Sale by the Court of Common Pleas for Abbeville County, in said State, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale, at Public Outcry, at Abbeville C. H., S. C., on Salesday in November, A. D., 1917, within the legal hours of sale the following described land, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, in the State aforesaid, containing Thirty (30) Acres, more or less, and bounded by the lands now or formerly of Thomas Robinson, Reuben Posey and J. J. Richey.

TERMS OF SALE-CASH. Purchaser to pay for papers. R. E. HILL, 10-12-3. Master A. C., S. C.

MASTER'S SALE.

The State of South Carolina, County of Abbeville, Court of Common Pleas.

HENRIETTA GARRISON against BUTLER B. PACE.

By authority of a Decree of Sale by the Court of Common Pleas for Abbeville County, in said State, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale, at Public Outcry, at Abbeville C. H., S. C., on Salesday in November, A. D. 1917, within the legal hours of sale the following described land, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, in the State aforesaid, containing Sixty-nine (69) Acres, more or less, and bounded by lands of George A. Ferguson on the North, East by General Road, South by lands of George A. Ferguson, and West by Lowndesville Road and Penny's Creek. These lands are located about nine miles from the city of Abbeville.

TERMS OF SALE-CASH. Purchaser to pay for papers. R. E. HILL, 10-12-3. Master A. C., S. C.

MASTER'S SALE.

The State of South Carolina, County of Abbeville, Court of Common Pleas.

JULIUS M. VISANSKA, against

E. C. MESCHINE, HARRIET C. MESCHINE and others.

By authority of a Decree of Sale by the Court of Common Pleas for Abbeville County, in said State, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale, at Public Outcry, at Abbeville C. H., S. C., on Salesday in November, A. D. 1917, within the legal hours of sale the following described land, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, in the State aforesaid, containing Fifteen Hundred and Seventy-three (1573) Acres, more or less, the same being made up of four purchases of different tracts, to-wit: About Five Hundred and Twenty-three acres from the state of James Bruce; about Four Hundred and Eighty-three acres from H. A. Tennant; about Three Hundred and Twenty-nine acres from W. G. Watson and about Two Hundred acres from the estate of Lewis Clayton. The whole tract being bounded north by lands of Mrs. R. B. Bryan and J. Carlisle, east by lands of Mrs. P. B. Allen, south by lands of E. W. Harper, and Roos's Creek, and west by Savannah River.

Excepting tracts sold to G. E. Calvert, J. Allen Smith, Orr Clinkscales, T. J. Bowen and P. E. Stevens-leaving a balance of Eight Hundred and Sixty-five (865) Acres, these lands will be sub-divided into several tracts. Plats can be seen by calling at my office.

TERMS OF SALE-CASH. Purchaser to pay for papers. R. E. HILL, 10-12-3. Master A. C., S. C.



The Girl Who Was A Soldier Boy

HOW I WENT "OVER THERE" WITH PERSHING'S DIVISION By HAZEL CARTER

Mrs. Hazel Carter of Douglas, Ariz., is a young woman, twenty-two, whose young husband, Corporal John J. Carter of the United States Army, was ordered to France with the Pershing expedition.

Determined to accompany him, she obtained a soldier's uniform and fell in as a private on his departure. She was five days at sea on the transport before discovered through a chance. After the arrival of the famous division in France she was returned home against her wishes.

It is a story of romance, dramatic in its qualities, full of the soldier color and still is of real news value, since Mrs. Carter is the first to relate the details of that voyage and safe arrival first hand-one that made history.

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CHAPTER I

I Decide to Go to France.

IT'S a long way from Douglas, Ariz., to "some port in France," but I made the trip rigged up as a dough-boy, and I would go farther than that to be near my husband. However, the "old man," as every commanding officer is called in the army, sent me back on the same transport after I had spent five days in port within sight of my husband, but out of reach, and five nights walking the floor and without sleep.

I am going back again and pay my own way and get behind the lines and take care of the boys I know so well when they are hit. The income from these stories is going to help pay my fare, and then I won't have to fool the officers, as I did, with the regulation salute and "heels on the same line and as near to each other as the conformation of a man permits, knees straight without stiffness, body erect, from the hips inclining slightly forward; shoulders squared and falling equally, arms and hands hanging naturally, back of hands outward, little finger opposite seam of trousers; head erect, chin slightly drawn in without constraint, eyes looking straight in front, catching about fifteen paces forward. That is the position of a soldier." I fooled them all right.

I think the authorities were mean not to permit me to land in France. As long as I was there, it seems to me, they might have stretched a point and allowed me to have had a look at the war. But they were firm. They said letting me by might set an example for other girls to follow and the first thing they knew Uncle Sam would have a troop of lady soldiers on his hands. At that, I cannot see why I shouldn't be a soldier-and a good one too. My grandfather fought in the civil war. My father was a regular in the Seventh Cavalry. I am the wife of a soldier, one of the bravest, best Sammles under the flag. He is over there now on the job, doing his bit to make the world safe for democracy, as they say. And I am over here praying he won't stop a German whiz-bang while at it.

Exactly when the idea of posing as a "rookie" came to me I do not remember. My husband, John J. Carter, was a corporal in the Eighteenth infantry, encamped at Douglas, Ariz. He belongs to K company. There was a lot of talk among the boys for a long time about being ordered out. None of them knew where the Eighteenth would be sent. They used to come to our house in Pritleville, right outside of Douglas, when they were off duty and do a heap of surmising and guessing. Some of them thought they would be kept on the border to see that things remained quiet there and kid with the Mexicans. Others had a hunch they would follow Pershing to France. The old timers were pulling for the latter.

As I look back now I must have had the germ of the idea in the back of my head even then, though I never voiced it even to myself. You see, I was married only last December, and the thought of my husband going away and leaving me behind stirred my imagination. We went together for a year and a half before we dug up the parson. I wish I had that year and a half with him now. One day Corporal Carter came home from the supply depot, where he had been on guard duty. The minute I saw his face I knew he had his orders. He was not excited, because he is an old timer at soldiering. He told me he was leaving the next day under secret orders. There was not much warning. The troops just packed up and left.

I did not tell him I was going, too, because he knows I always go through with anything I take a notion to do and it might have worried him. But I had determined to make a try at it any how. That evening and the next morning, while he was busy attending to the details of packing and getting off, I was pretty busy myself. I knew where there was a discarded khaki uniform, regulation army, that would fit me. By the uniform I mean the trousers, coat, shirt and campaign hat.

Ready to March.

Getting the rest of my wardrobe was easy. I bought shoes, boy's size, which looked exactly like the army shoes. Canvas leggings and boy's underwear completed the outfit. I was ready and eager to be on the march. I was twenty-two and full of health and boyish in appearance. My husband said his farewell about noon. He was pretty blue, because he thought it would be goodbye for a long time, perhaps for always. But he is first, last and always a soldier, and he did it as a soldier should. I suppose he

wondered that I took it so calmly, but of course he thought it was on the level and didn't realize what I had decided-had no hint of it, in fact.

No sooner was he out of sight than I began to do some very tall hustling. I went to a lady barber and told her I wanted my hair cropped close to my head, soldier style. I had an unusually good head of hair, long, luxuriant and black. The barber almost wept when I insisted it had to go. She cut it so I could part it on the side. The only time during the operation I had a pang of regret was when she began shaving my neck. The razor made me realize I was in for something mighty big. I had a good laugh when I took my first peek in the mirror at myself as a boy. I wasn't bad. The lady barber did not laugh. The sight of such a sacrilege seemed to make her sad. She told me most folks wanted to grow hair-not lose it.

After the hair cut it did not take me very long to jump into my uniform. I have spent much of my life on a ranch, where I wore riding breeches or bib overalls, so the clothes were familiar to me and did not feel strange. I was right at home in them. I never was happier in my life than when I took stock of my makeup, a sure enough soldier and said to myself-very positively:

"I'm going with John and the troop." I left the house just as it was. It seemed a small matter to me at a time like this. Reluctantly, I had promised my husband I would go to his family in Kentucky and remain there until his return. Instead of this, I found myself in an automobile speeding for Douglas, where the troops were even then en-training. With me was "Tuffy," my bulldog. That was the only hurt, leaving Tuffy. I would have tried to get her enlisted in K company as a mascot, only they do not allow dogs.

Everything was confusion around the station. Soldiers and civilians were hurrying here and there. Girls were bidding their sweethearts clinging goodbys. Mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, friends-every one was there to give godspeed. The soldiers themselves seemed to be in the best of spirits. They laughed and joked and acted like men who were going away on a big holiday, although there was a strain of seriousness through it all that made a lump rise in your throat every now and then.

I did not linger long outside the train for fear I might be recognized, though it was difficult to single out any strange soldier, because there were so many raw rookies who had just enlisted and had not had time to get acquainted much. I figured that the cook car would be the safest place, because there I could be busy doing something, and it would be easier for me to get by unnoticed. So when the cooks came along I fell in with them and went into the car. They thought I was a new one and never paid any attention to me. Of course, my long connection with the army helped me, since I knew the regulations and customs better than most of the rookies.

Dog Almost Betrays Her.

Tuffy almost spilled the beans for me. She had given the chauffeur who was to take care of her while I was gone the slip and gone out on a still hunt for me. You can fool a man, but you cannot fool a dog. The minute she spied me she came on the run, with a yelp and leap. Quite a lot of the older men knew my dog, and I thought every minute they would notice her violent attentions. I tried to chase her away. She seemed to regard this as an invitation and barked happily. I grew cross and pushed her aside, ordering her home. She stood and looked at me in a surprised way. I could not seem too familiar with her and play my part. I had to treat her as a strange dog. As I was boarding the train she came after me with a bound. I pushed her away from the steps and walked up. Poor Tuffy, she wanted to be a soldier the worst way. I hated to leave her. She was the only one to say goodbye to me, and I had to treat her as a stranger.

There were some nervous moments before that train pulled out. I kept in the background as much as I could. After what seemed to me years there came a tense moment and a chorus of "goodby, good luck, God bless you." The cars began to move. We were on our way to join Pershing. "Look out there, rookie, or the first thing you know you'll be fixing a mess of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut for some Germans."

One of the old boys from the camp, a man in my husband's company, whom I knew, was speaking. It was the first time I had been directly addressed. I

had to do something. It was now or never.

"Aw, quit your kiddin'" I answered boldly. "No Fritz can get me a prisoner."

The soldier passed on. I had changed my voice and talked slow. It sounded good. My first danger was over. I had fooled a man who knew me. Sleeping quarters had been assigned to the men. I did not know exactly what I was going to do, because I was an extra and nothing had been provided for me. I might have to sit up all night, hidden away. But soon I saw the lines were not so strictly drawn. In the confusion of getting settled I grabbed a place and acted as if it belonged to nobody but me. I was in a compartment. Two other soldiers were there with me.

We were well into New Mexico before I ventured forward into the troop cars. The men were having a great time, singing and talking and calling back and forth. You would never have guessed they had said goodbye to those they loved only a few hours before. If there was any one among them inclined to weaken at their prospects he was too much of a man to show it. In one car where there was a number of good voices they were harmonizing on the barber shop chord. Some one struck a blue note. There was almost as much commotion as if it had been a dud bullet. Soldiers always sing.

The men had eaten a hearty dinner. They were tired from the bustle and heart wrench of getting off. They began to drop off early. Once their heads hit the pillows they were dead to the world. You would think they had nothing more on their minds than a pleasant few weeks' outing, so peacefully they slept.

I began to feel like turning in myself. The prospect of bunking in a stateroom



Hazel Carter.

with two strange troopers did not frighten me. I was one of them. It was easy to avoid detection. We slept with all our clothes on but our hats and shoes.

In New Mexico, well out of Arizona, it was I first walked forward and passed my husband. I never gave him a glance, but he recognized me. I can't remember exactly what he said, but it was something like "My God, what are you doing here?" He was not as much surprised as I thought he would be. He did not scold me. He was not even angry.

"Now that you are on the train I suppose you might as well go as far as Chicago," he added. "But you will be a good girl and go straight home from there, won't you?" I told him I would think it over, but I could not promise. I was doing this on my own responsibility, and it was not up to him to interfere. He was quartered three cars ahead of me. I used to sneak forward at night and try to reason with him about my going to France to join the Red Cross.

I was still with the cooks. Whenever I heard any one coming I'd grab a dishpan or something and get very busy. If an officer gave me a suspicious glance I looked him square in the eye and stood at attention like the rest of the doughboys. Army officers are easy to fool.

Sometimes we laid up as long as twenty-four hours in a town. Whenever we stopped the soldiers had to get out and exercise. It was this standing order that gave me my first close call. We had been put on a siding in some town, and the troops were off stretching their legs. I was sitting in a seat talking with a young sergeant when an officer came through.

"What are you two fellows doing here?" he blustered. "Why aren't you out at exercise?" I don't mean he was gruff. The United States army officers treat their men white.

We were on our feet and out of the car in a minute. I turned around and came right back. The "C. O." did not return. He probably thought we were a couple of lazy rookies. There were so many young men among the recruits-mere boys some of them. They had to obtain the consent of their parents before they could enlist. I passed for one of these boy soldiers.

Flirts With Girl.

It was fun stopping at the towns. The people came down to see the troop trains pass through, and they certainly treated us royally. They brought us fruit and candy and cigarettes and all sorts of delicacies. The girls were especially enthusiastic. They struck up conversations with the soldiers, exchanged addresses and promised to write often.

I talked with a number of girls on the way east and managed to fool them